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November 1920.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

The Pink Vest.

BY LOUEY CHISHOLM.

JANE thought she was not clever, and she knew she was not pretty, and she ought to have been quite sure she was not good. But the worst of it was, she did not care whether she was good or not.

Of all Jane's faults the worst was grumbling. There were so many things she did not like. For instance, she could not bear her own name. Why should people not choose what they should be called? Jane was such a plain name, and she would rather have had no grandmother than have been forced to be her namesake. And the provoking thing was, it would have been quite as easy to call her after Aunt Beatrice. Jane was so short and plain and snappy—such a "bare" name, Jane said; and Beatrice you could linger over, and it made you think of pretty clothes. Such a name as Jane should be given to no one except as a punishment, and she had been but an unoffending baby when it became hers for life.

Jane grumbled too about the colour of her hair. It was neither golden-fair nor raven-black, and all the little girls in Jane's story-books had either one or the other. Hers was just a brown-red colour, and she hated it. She would look in the glass and say to herself: "It's my carrotty hair that makes me so ugly." But really that wasn't it at all, for it was her pouting lips and scowling forehead that spoilt what should have been a sweet little face.

Jane grumbled too over her lessons, and she grumbled when she had to go to bed, and she grumbled again when she had to get up in the morning.

But of all Jane's grumblings the worst were to be heard at meal-times. There was hardly a day passed but Jane didn't like or didn't want what was on the table.

Mrs. Brown, Jane's mother, corrected her little girl over and over again, but as things remained as bad as ever she determined to punish the naughty child next time she grumbled during a meal.

Jane had also a bad habit of fidgeting at table, and she would fiddle with the salt-spoon or anything within reach, and she was a child that did not hesitate to interrupt her father and mother.

Such a state of things could not continue, so one day at breakfast, when Jane began to hum while her parents were talking, Mrs. Brown corrected her.

Jane stopped humming, but in a moment was tilting back her chair. "Sit properly, Jane," said her mother.

"I want another lump of sugar," said Jane, slowly bringing forward her chair, and at the same time thrusting out the hand that held her cup and saucer. Over went the cup, and its contents were spilt into the marmalade jar and over the table-cloth.

Now Mr. Brown was a dear daddy, but he had some peculiarities. One was that he could not eat a chop without ketchup; indeed, his wife said he would rather have the ketchup without the chop. Nor could he eat mutton without red-currant jelly, nor pork without apple sauce. It also happened that he could not eat breakfast without



marmalade, and so he was extremely annoyed when Mrs. Brown told him she had not another jar in the house.

Jane's mother was annoyed for another reason. As it was Monday, the clean table-cloth had reached only the second day of its life, and it was now unfit for use.

Mr. Brown muttered something, but Jane could not be sure whether he was saying how tiresome children were or how good marmalade was. But there was no doubt about what her mother said.

"Jane, if you misbehave again you shall be punished. Eat your bacon."

Jane gave her plate a push. "I did eat part of it," she said. "The rest is fat. I don't like it. I don't want it. I won't eat it."

Mrs. Brown took the plate in her hand. "Come upstairs, Jane." The little girl followed her mother to the box-room in the attic. "I shall lock you in till my work is done," said her mother. "Then I shall come to see if you have finished your breakfast. If you have, you shall come downstairs; if not, you shall remain where you are until you have eaten every morsel."

Then Jane's mother left her. Jane heard the key turn in the lock. In the box-room was nothing but boxes, and every one of them was empty.

From the window Jane could see nothing but the sky; and what a blue sky it was!

It was too bad to be locked up on such a day! She would make her mother very sorry for treating her so. She would scream at the top of her voice so that all the neighbours could hear,

and then they would tell Mrs. Brown what an unkind mother she was.

So Jane screamed and screamed with all her might. Then when she paused for breath she thought she heard voices beneath the window. She could see no one, but she distinctly overheard these words: "I'm sorry for that girl's mother. The brat needs a good beating, that's what she does, disturbing the whole neighbourhood like that. Poor Mrs. Brown, to have such a daughter!"

"So it's mother they're sorry for, is it?" thought Jane. "Nobody cares about me, but I'll make mother sorry for me. If I'm very quiet she'll think I've cried till I've fainted, and when she comes up she'll find I have, and then she'll get a nice fright." And Jane lay down on her back on the uncarpeted floor, stretched out her legs very stiff and straight, closed her eyes, lips, and fists tight. "I wonder if that is right," she thought. "No; I believe my mouth should be open." And Jane opened her mouth wide. Then in a few minutes, although to Jane it seemed hours, she thought: "I hope mother will be quick, or I'll have to come out of this faint. The floor is so hard, and there's a fly keeps tickling my tongue."

But her mother did not come, and Jane could bear it no longer. She got up. She must do something. But what? Her daddy often said that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do; but that was not true to-day. She was deserted by every one, and she felt miserably and utterly lonely. Time dragged slowly on. Would her mother ever come?

At last Jane smiled a watery smile. She had an idea.

Slowly she began to undress. One by one she took off her things. No sooner had she done this than she began to put them on again—all but her little pink vest.

Jane could knit, and she had made that vest last winter. With it in her hand she now sat down on one of the empty boxes, and she nibbled at the edge of the vest until she could get hold of an end of the wool. At last there was something to do. Mischief had been found for those idle hands.

She gave the wool one pull after another, and she went on pull, pull, pulling. Then she began to roll the wool into a neat ball. And the neat little ball began to grow, and Jane went on roll, roll, rolling, until at last she had a big ball of wool in her hand, and not a suspicion of the little pink vest remained.

Jane now had something to play with, and for some time she was happy tossing and catching the ball. But before long she grew tired, and wondered what she should do next. She was beginning to feel hungry, and her eye fell, not for the first time, on the cold fat bacon.

"If I shut my eyes and hold my nose I believe I can eat it," she said. And she did, for when her mother came in, five minutes later, Jane's plate was as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. "Come along, Jane," she said. "Bring your plate and wash it."

Jane followed her mother downstairs, and all that day she was very subdued. She watered the flowers in the garden

plot, she went to buy marmalade for her father's tea, and altogether it seemed as if she had made up her mind to turn over a new leaf. But when night came and Jane undressed, her mother noticed that she had on no vest.

"You naughty girl, how dare you leave off your warm underclothing without my leave! Bring me your vest at once, and see that you put it on to-morrow morning."

Jane tried to speak, but not a word would come.

"Where is your vest?"

Before Jane could reply, her mother, who was hanging up her little girl's dress, muttered to herself: "What can this be in the child's pocket?"

Jane made a queer sound. It was half a laugh and half a cry, for Mrs. Brown now held in her hand the ball of pink wool.

"Good-night, Jane," said her mother in a cold voice.

"Good-night, mother," whispered her wondering little daughter as she crept into bed.

If Mrs. Brown had been angry Jane could have understood that; but what could her silence mean? Was it possible that she did not connect the pink ball with the missing vest?

Whether that was so or not, the next morning a clean one lay with Jane's clothes. As soon as she was dressed and had had breakfast, her mother sent her on various errands; and as the day went on Jane breathed freely, and by dinner-time she had forgotten all about the ball of pink wool.

I must tell you that while Jane was a child that grumbled when she did not



get her own way, no one enjoyed a treat more than she did. So it was with great excitement that she said to her mother after dinner, "I am so glad it is such a fine day. What a treat it will be to go to the seaside for the afternoon!"

"The seaside did you say, my dear Jane?"

"Yes, mother. You remember Mrs. White said a week ago that she would take me to-day if it was fine. Shall I wear my straw hat; and where are

my spade and pail; and will you let——"

"Before you go to the seaside," interrupted Mrs. Brown, "you must find the vest you wore yesterday. You had better look for it at once."

Jane tried to get off her chair, but she could not. Her knees were knocking against each other. She could not move, but sat with her eyes cast upon the ground.

"You will find nothing as long as you sit there, Jane. If you bring your vest to me before two o'clock, you shall go to the seaside with Mrs. White; if not, you must knit another. In that case this ball of pink wool may be useful. Strange to say, I found it in your pocket." So saying, Mrs. Brown left the room.

But her mother's words were too much for Jane. She burst into tears and cried as if her heart would break, and she was still sobbing when the door opened suddenly. There stood Aunt Beatrice, looking so sweet and wearing the pretty clothes that, according to Jane, her name gave her the right to possess.

"Why, Pigeon, what is the matter?" and the young aunt bent down and kissed the angry little face.

"I hate everything in the world," said Jane. "I hate my bare name, and I hate my carrotty hair, and I hate fat bacon, and I hate, hate, hate knitting pink vests."

"Something has happened," said Aunt Beatrice; "tell me all about it."

And her voice was so gentle and her face was so kind that Jane told her everything. She even told her how

she had fainted in the attic and how the fly had tickled her tongue. And Aunt Beatrice did not even smile, but listened quite solemnly, for she knew how very unhappy and miserable her little niece had been.

At last Jane finished her truthful story, which of course included how she had ruined both a clean table-cloth and her father's appetite. "For," she explained, "daddy really likes marmalade as much as I hate fat."

Then Aunt Beatrice took Jane on her lap. "You see, Pigeon," she said (and how Jane loved to be called Pigeon instead of bare Jane!)—"you see, you think too much about a little girl called Jane Brown, and about the things she likes and the things she doesn't like. If you could forget her and think a little more about other people and the things they like and the things they don't like, you wouldn't grumble any more, and you would be a much happier child. Will you try, Pigeon?"

Jane flung her arms round Aunt Beatrice's neck. "Indeed, I will, auntie, I will, I will; but I'll always hate fat bacon and pink vests."

Motto for November.

*Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.*

R. L. STEVENSON.

Sent in by VERA MARTIN,
91 St. Mary's Road, Oxford,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Who loiters on an errand will be able
To hurry if his supper's on the table.

Great Soldiers of Old Testament Days.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT PHARAOH—(contd.).

THE native Egyptian army was divided into four legions, each of them called by the name of an Egyptian god. There were the legions of *Amon*, of *Ra*, of *Ptah*, and of *Sutekh*. The king and the crown prince commanded in person the crack corps of the war-chariots of Egypt.

At the frontier the king held a great review of his troops, and then the whole army set out on the march towards Megiddo. They had first to cross one hundred and twenty miles of desert—a terrible march for Pharaoh's men. Across that very same strip of desert the Turks sent their ill-fated division in January 1915, by the arid way called the El Arish-Kantara route, when they tried in vain to cross the canal and invade Egypt, only to be driven back with the loss of two thousand men.

Rameses and his army crossed the sandy desert and marched northwards through Palestine. Every day he expected to come upon the army of the Hittites; but although he sent out scouts in every direction, not a sign of the enemy could be seen. Pharaoh thought his foe must be retreating before him, and he pressed on all the faster towards the north. But the real truth was that the wily Hittite king was leading the great Rameses into a trap.

Pharaoh's army camped on the right bank of the river Orontes, a little south of the enemy's great fortress of Kadesh. The Egyptian camp was pitched in a very strong position, with a moat all round it, and deep earth entrenchments, over which were fixed great wicker-work shields to protect the archers who lined the trenches. Had the king remained there he would have been in a splendid position for defence. But the Hittites sent out two spies with false information, and these clever fellows allowed themselves to be caught by Rameses' soldiers. They told their captors, with much apparent reluctance, that the Hittite army had retreated to Aleppo.

Rameses believed the spies, and marched two of his divisions at once upon Kadesh, where he took up his position to the north of the city. But the cunning Hittite king was all the time quite near Kadesh, and moved his troops quietly down to the south. The Pharaoh had left half his army near the very place where the enemy now so unexpectedly appeared; and as these Egyptian troops of the third division marched along in easy order and quite unprepared, the terrible Hittite cavalry came down upon them like the wind. As Rameses and his generals were holding a council of war they suddenly beheld the third division in full flight, while behind them came the army of the Hittites. In a moment several companies of the Egyptians broke in terror and fled, and in another moment the enemy had filled up the moat, levelled the

earthworks, and were swarming into Pharaoh's camp. The royal body-guard alone held firm, and for a few minutes kept back the foe from the royal tent. But it looked for the moment as if all was lost.

All would undoubtedly have been lost if it had not been for King Rameses. He was a very poor general, but he was personally a brave man. He saw that his army was about to be scattered, and leaping into his

The king's horses, *Victory-in-Thebes* and *Maut-is-satisfied*, wore high feather plumes, which streamed in the wind, and Rameses' lion raced beside the chariot to fight with teeth and claws for his master against the Hittites. Again and again the king charged the enemy. Once he found himself alone in the midst of his foes, but his gallant horses bore him back again unhurt. Rameses cried aloud to the god of war; and his men shouted as they



EGYPTIAN WAR-CHARIOT.

war-chariot, he dashed at full gallop to the aid of his guard. With a roar the Egyptian war-cry was sounded, and the other chariots followed the king into the battle. It must have been a fine sight to see those charioteers charge the Hittite host, each driver grasping his bow or his sword in his hands, and guiding his galloping steeds only by the movement of his loins, as he leant back hard against the reins which were tied about his body.

followed him, "This is not a man in the midst of us; it is the god himself!" The Egyptian army rallied once more and made a united attack upon the enemy; and finally the battle of Kadesh was decided by the appearance of the Legion of Ptah, which came unexpectedly upon the scene, and disheartened the Hittites.

Rameses had fought bravely that day, and his soldiers and courtiers made the most of it, and agreed to

forget the bad generalship which had so nearly brought the great Egyptian army to utter defeat. The bas-reliefs of Egypt recorded the battle of Kadesh as a tremendous victory for the great Pharaoh. As a matter of fact, it was "a draw!" Only a stroke of good luck had prevented Rameses from being beaten. In the agreement which followed, the King of Egypt and the King of the Hittites signed a treaty by which Rameses had to agree to the enemy occupying the northern fortresses which had once belonged to the Pharaoh; and the Egyptian monarch came back to Egypt with no booty or captives, and with very many fewer troops than he had set out with some months before from Memphis.

The natives of Palestine and Syria soon realized that the Pharaoh was not so invincible as he had seemed; and as his reign went on, the power and prestige of Egypt slowly but steadily declined.

The Bible descriptions of Pharaoh certainly differ very much from the boastful inscriptions on the bas-reliefs set up by King Rameses himself. It is not unlike comparing the "news" from the German headquarters staff to-day with a British or a French account of the same battle! In fact, Rameses' inscriptions are, to say the least, misleading. But it is in the Bible that we find the true estimate of his character. And all the wonderful discoveries made in the last few years, which have shown us so vividly that old world of Egypt, clearly bear out what the Bible says about Rameses and his kingdom. His reign was "the

beginning of the end" as far as Egypt was concerned. His own proud dynasty was soon to be overthrown. The raiders from the north flowed in, and occupied not only much of Syria, but also the northern districts of Egypt. Among these raiders were the Akhairasha, or Achæans, the big, blond, gray-eyed warriors who so many people believe were the Kelts of those ancient days, and perhaps of the same race as those from whom we ourselves in Scotland are sprung.

One thinks of Rameses, and of the Crown Prince Menephtha, whose host Moses and the Israelites afterwards saw overwhelmed in the Red Sea, when one reads the Bible saying about Egypt: "The burden of Egypt. Behold, the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud . . . and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it . . . and the spirit of Egypt shall fail."

In the last chapter we watched the great Pharaoh lead his troops against the Hittites, and we saw something of what that far-famed Egyptian army was like, more than three thousand years ago.

At that time there was a young prince at the court of Rameses whose name was Moses. No fairy tale could be more wonderful than the story of how Moses, the son of poor Israelite slaves in Egypt, was adopted by the Princess Amen-Mert, was brought up at court like a prince of the blood royal. The Bible story tells us, in fact, what a splendid training it all was for the man who was to lead the Israelites out of Egypt, and train them to be a nation of soldiers themselves.



THE GENERAL.



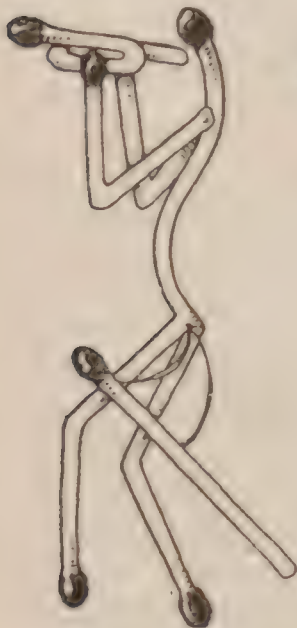
THE LIEUTENANT.

The Gallery of Vesta Freaks.

WE owe to the caricaturist Emile Cole the following amusing figures made of vestas. There is no diffi-

culty reproducing them and adding to the number.

Heat slightly the non-phosphoric end of a vesta; apply it immediately to another vesta: the wax will cool



THE BUGLERS.

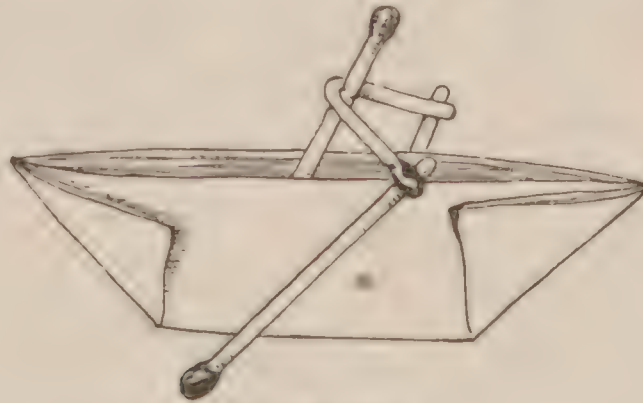


THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

and solidify, and solder the one to the other. This is the great secret.

In the gallery here presented we see at first a general mounted on

the lieutenant and the trumpeters. A vesta with the wick unravelled is the broom of the sweeper. A sheet of cigarette paper, suitably folded, makes



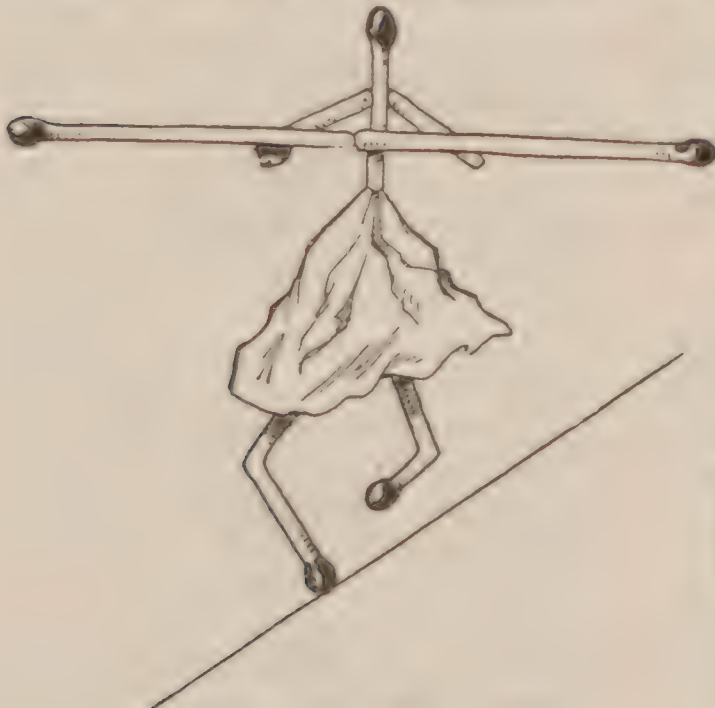
THE ROWER.

his horse, then a lieutenant and two trumpeters.

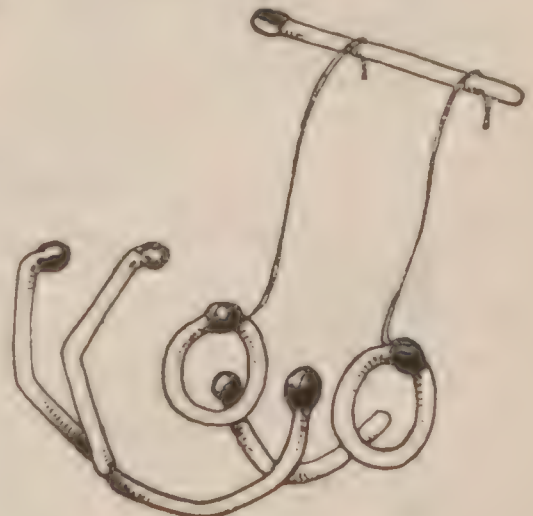
The plume of the lieutenant is a vesta rumpled between the fingers so that the wax falls away and leaves the threads of wick separate. Similar threads serve to attach the swords of

the boat of the rower. A similar sheet forms the attire of the tight-rope dancer.

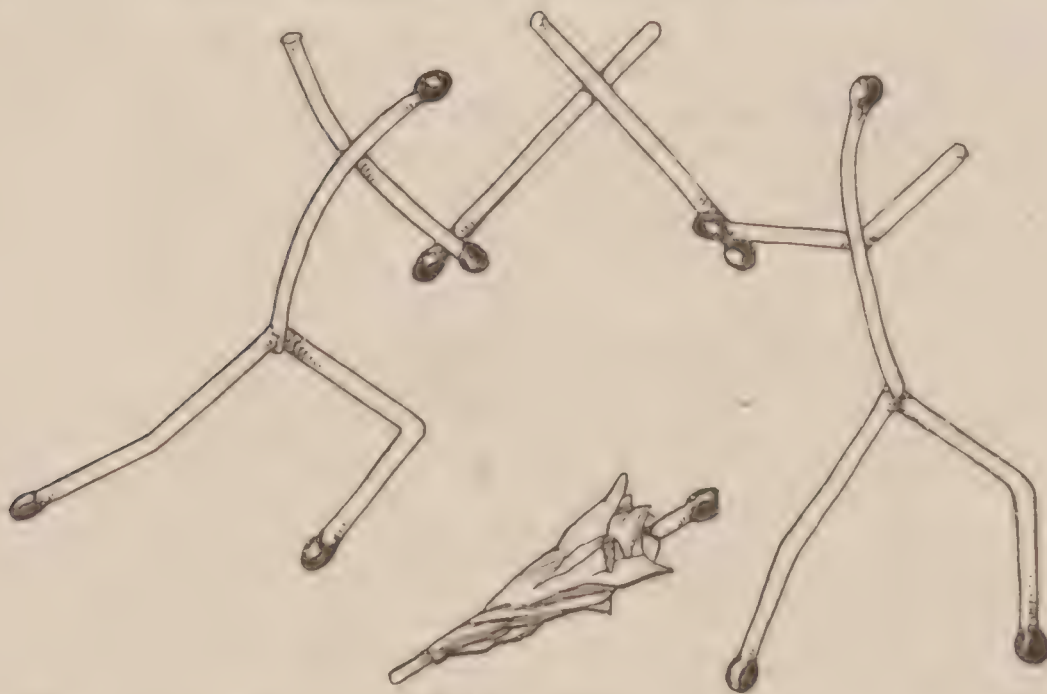
You will admire the suppleness of the athlete balancing on the rings, the ardour of the soldiers fighting a duel. Why do they fight? For the um-



THE TIGHT-ROPE DANCER.



THE GYMNAST.



THE DUELLIST.

brella of the squad, which is lying at their feet! This is simply a vesta wrapped about by a sheet of cigarette paper.

Finally we gaze upon a criminal on the gallows coming to a sad end.

Mixed.

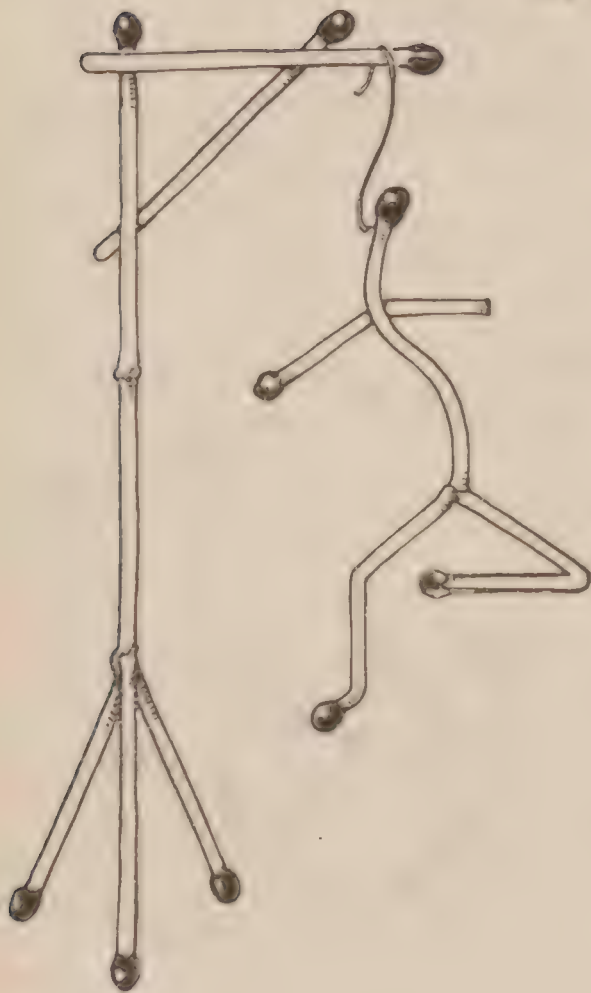
AN Irishman was describing his narrow escape from a cross bull.

"I seized him by the tail," he said, "and there I was! I was afraid to hold on, and I dared not let go."

"You were between the horns of a dilemma," ventured a lady.

"No, ma'am, I wasn't between the horns at all; and, besides, he wasn't a dilemma—he was a Jersey."

OFTENTIMES there is heroism in being willing to play your own simple part in the game.



Earning a Living.

"WHY do you peg away so at your school work, Marcia, when you might be having so many good times?" asked a girl of her class-mate. "I should think a girl with your prospects would be satisfied with barely getting through. It isn't as if you'd ever have to earn your living, like the rest of us."

"I don't see so much difference," replied Marcia, with her friendly smile. "It seems to me that every one ought to earn a living—in one way, if not in another. I know it doesn't look now as if I'd ever have to earn money. But I want to live a really rich, full life. And is it any more than fair and honest that I should earn the right to do so, should give something in return for all I get—something besides shillings and pence, which are supplied to me by some one else, and so are not essentially mine at all? That is why I am working as faithfully as I can now. No one can earn a living without being properly equipped for doing so. I shan't accomplish anything to boast of even then. I'm not clever, like you and some of the other girls, but I can always do my best."

If only every girl had discovered the truth that Marcia expressed, and would loyally put it into practice! The life that is all taking and no giving is small and mean. Some of you who read this have no necessity to earn your daily bread by paid labour. But there is no one who is not under obligation to give the best service of which she is capable in return for the good things she enjoys.

An Idle Day.

"IF I could only have one whole day to do nothing but play in, how happy I should be!" said Rosie to her mother at breakfast-time.

"Try it," said her mother. "Play as much as you like. Try it to-day."

How the children going to school envied Rosie as she swung on the gate and watched them passing by! No hard, long lessons for her. When they were gone, she ran into the garden, picked some gooseberries for a pudding, and took them into the kitchen.

"No, Rosie, that is work; take them away."

Rosie looked serious. She got her doll and played with it, but soon tired; her shuttlecock, but did not care for it; her ball, it bounced into the kitchen window. Rosie peeped in after it. Mother was shelling peas.

"May I help you, mother?"

"No, Rosie; this isn't play."

Rosie strolled away with slow, lagging footsteps to the garden again. She leaned against the fence and watched the chickens. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner, and longed to help. After dinner, Rosie took her little bag of patch-work, and stole away to the barn with it, for she could stand idleness no longer.

"Mother," she said, as she gave her good-night kiss, "I understand now what teacher meant when she said, 'He has hard work who has nothing to do.'"

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

PEARSON'S AGONY.

"YOUR children? What do you mean? Didn't they find Miss Marian and the kids all right?"

"Find them! Where? Where did you leave them? They've never been seen from that day to this. Speak up! What did you do with them?"

Pearson crumpled down into a chair. There was no more resistance in him.

"Good Heavens! Hadley, I never dreamed of any harm coming to them. I'll tell you all I know about it."

And tell it he did, holding nothing back. He told it all—how Cunningham had discharged him, for no fault of his, he declared; and how he had vowed that he would get even with the dude—he wouldn't take dirty treatment from no man. He had nothing against the girl and the kids; he wouldn't have hurt them, but he didn't suppose it would. People were going out to those picnics every day, and they often camped overnight, and when he saw what a daisy the launch was, it just came to him that he could leave them there on the Island and run the launch over to Santa Anita, where he knew a couple of fellows who would take it off his hands.

So he did it. He was owing the fellow at Santa Anita about seventy-five dollars that he would have paid long before if Cunningham had not fired him; and he got there before the storm got really bad, and hunted up his friend that night, and found he would be glad to take the launch on the debt and pay him the difference.

The storm was sure a bad one, but he had thought that Miss Marian and the kids would be all right, for the boy had been telling about a house on the Island around on the sheltered side, and a cave, too, and he left them all the food and blankets, and he thought Cunningham would be after them the first thing in the morning. He'd left Santa Anita as soon as the storm was so that anybody could leave, and, of course, he had not heard anything about the tragedy at the Port, but he'd swear by everything holy that he never dreamed of any harm coming to them.

Mr. Hadley explained then; he told the man huddled up before him of the search that had been made, and how he himself had just in the last week learned what and where Smugglers' Island was, and how he was even then on his way to see if after all these years there was some trace still to be found in San Moros.

When he had finished, Pearson straightened up a little.

"Look a-here, Hadley," he said. "I've been some tough, but I'd never 'a' done a thing like that if I'd 'a' known it, and since then I've been straight. I told you the truth when I said my name was Franks; that is

my name. I used Pearson at the Port for other reasons, but when I got back to God's country I went back to my own name. I was married under it about a year later. My wife is a fine woman, and we've got two fine children. I've been as straight as a string, and we've got some ahead. O Hadley, don't put me through for this!—it will come harder on my wife and the kids than it will on me if you do—and I'll go down with you and help you hunt, show you the way and all; and you can use my money to the last cent; it ain't much, but it's all yours to carry on the search; and I'll stand by you and help you as long as there's life in me, for, as God is my witness, Hadley, I never meant no harm to Miss Marian and your kids. I wouldn't ask it if 'twasn't for my own kids."

Mr. Hadley was thinking. He believed the man was telling the truth, and no punishment meted out to him would bring back the dead. As far as that went, what punishment would be fitter than to take him back with him and let him see—if, indeed, there was anything left to see—the terrible suffering his act had caused? And there would be something left: not six years nor seven would destroy what five deaths had left on that grim island in San Moros.

Before they sailed, Mr. Hadley had time to write to his wife and tell her of his finding Pearson, and of what he had learned from him, and of the latter's agony of remorse. After receiving the letter, Mrs. Hadley sat down and wrote most of its contents to Mrs. Harris, for

she knew their old friends would be anxious to hear any news. After hearing that letter read, Clarence declared that he could have lived seven years or twice seven years on Smugglers', and he dared bet Marian could. But his father and mother were quite sure there was no hope of that.

"Why," said Mrs. Harris, "Jennie would not have lived three days after exposure to that storm. I never knew such a delicate child."

"And," Mr. Harris declared, "if they had lived any length of time at all, some one would have seen some sign of them in all this time. Probably they took refuge in that cave and were washed out and drowned the first night."

"Perhaps," he admitted. "I'd forgotten about Jennie being so sickly, and Delbert himself was not what you would call rugged; but if they lived through the storm there's a chance, I tell you. Their not being seen since doesn't cut any figure. There was a reason for that. I never told Delbert, for I didn't want to frighten him, and he was a nervous little chap, but no Indian ever went to Smugglers'. You couldn't have hired one to; and I tell you, if they lived through the first night, there's a chance; and oh, glory! *wouldn't* I have liked to go along!"

The steamer that Mr. Hadley and Pearson had taken passage on was pretty well filled up with passengers. Among others there was a group of mining men going to the Port, whence they would make their way inland;

and there was a wealthy Mexican family also bound for the Port; with a half-dozen fine-looking daughters, who reminded you of all the Spanish romance you had ever read every time you looked at them.

There were various others, and among them all Mr. Hadley and Pearson attracted no particular attention until the morning they were nearing the Port, when it was learned that Mr. Franks and the white-haired gentleman with him had a launch aboard, and were going to be set down in it out in the Gulf, and were not going into the Port at all. It seemed that the captain had known about it all the time, but to the passengers it seemed like a very queer thing to do.

However, some one made the announcement that the two were going to examine some guano caves for a rich company, and that seemed to explain everything, and the passengers watched with interest while the launch was being made ready and lowered, and the mining men all hung over the rail and cheered as she shot off across the water, and the pretty señoritas waved their handkerchiefs; and then everybody turned his attention to watching the channel, for if the passengers did not keep a sharp lookout, what was to hinder the captain from forgetting himself and coming up sharp on the rocks?

They passed the Rosalie Group before long. On dark and cloudy nights people on boats passing there can hear children crying, and if the night is actually stormy, you are likely to see

Marian Hadley walk across the white-capped waves wrapped in a long cloak. This is a solemn fact. The captain told it himself. He said he did not tell the tale at night. No one connected the name of Hadley with the white-haired Mr. Hadley who had left them in the launch.

Pearson was running the launch. Mr. Hadley had Clarence's map spread out on his knee. There was silence between them. Pearson's face looked drawn and old. Mr. Hadley was tired and patient; he was looking at the map, but he was not thinking of it.

Pearson leaned forward to look at the little map.

"I don't remember just what the shoreline looked like along here," he said, "but I guess I shan't miss San Moros."

He did not, either. About noon he turned into the place, remembering Delbert's instructions, which tallied with the map correctly. The tide was high just then, anyway, and there was no danger of sandbars or sunken rocks. In a little more he could point out to Mr. Hadley the outline of Smugglers' Island as he remembered it.

Afterwards, as they got pretty close to it, he said in a low voice, "Maybe we'd better go in back of it. That's where they said the harbour and the pier were, and it will be a better place to moor the launch than this pile of rocks ahead."

Mr. Hadley assented; so they turned the launch's nose and ran out by the sandy point and round it back into the harbour.

It seemed shadowy in there. It was

dark and uncanny, Pearson thought. He shuddered. Not a sign of life had they seen other than the seabirds, for the old canoe was too far up the beach to catch the eye, and the wickiup was so covered with vines that it blended perfectly with its background, especially as the doors and window were shut.

Had they landed, they would have seen the path. Had Marion's water-melons been a little higher, they would have attracted attention by reason of their regular rows, but they were scarcely above the holes yet. At the pier, too, there was nothing to tell them anything. The raft was farther along, at the back of some mango bushes.

They stepped out of the launch and moored her to the pier. Mr. Hadley noticed that Pearson's face was gray again. He was losing his nerve. It seemed to him as if the air in this narrow slit in the hills were suffocating him.

"I'll take the things out," he said to his companion.

"All right," said Mr. Hadley. His voice was quiet and even, and, turning, he walked toward the hill.

Pearson stepped back into the launch, cursing himself under his breath for his own lack of self-control, for he was trembling; but taking the things out and carrying them up past the pier steadied him a little.

Then he started to follow Mr. Hadley, and was glancing about, wondering if there was any particular choice of spots to pitch camp in, when something on the hilltop caught his eyes.

He stopped and stared with his mouth open. Out from among the bushes into an open space came one, two, three, four, five persons, and some of them were children! A sudden weakness came over him. He dropped where he was, and for a moment everything went whirling black. When he came to himself he was sitting on the ground, his knees clasped in his arms, as he rocked back and forth, repeating over and over his wife's name, "Rose, Rose, Rose, it's them! O Rose, it's them! I ain't killed 'em, Rose! Rose!"

Mr. Hadley had scanned the hillside to no avail as he started to walk toward it, and then he noticed what seemed to be a path leading to a mass of brilliant bloom beyond. He followed in the path. The tracks seemed to be those of deer.

But when he came to the blossoms he was surprised. There were nasturtiums and poppies, a wild riot of them beside a little spring, or shallow, scooped-out well, that was walled with rocks, except at one place where stepping-stones led down. And there, sitting half-buried in the clear water, shaded by overhanging bloom, was a two-quart Mason jar about half full of oysters.

A most charming refrigerator truly, and Mr. Hadley stared at it stupidly, not even yet understanding, when suddenly came a chorus of clear young voices calling to him from above, and, turning, the father saw what he had never hoped to see again on this side the gates of heaven—his five children racing down the hill to meet him.

Pearson sat on the pier, swinging his feet. His feelings would have been hard to describe, they were so very mixed up. One moment he was swearing softly at the launch that was dipping gracefully up and down before him; then he grinned and whistled, also softly, a few bars of a rollicking tune.

He glanced out of the corner of his eye at the group up there by that tumbled pile of red and yellow and green. He could hear their voices, but he could not hear what they were saying. By-and-by, when they had had a little more time, perhaps he would go up there, though what in thunder he would say was more than he knew. Anyway, they were alive. That was something to tell Rose. Rose! How her face had looked when she bade him good-bye. She had known that he had been tough—thank goodness he had not lied to her!—but he had not gone into details, and when he had had to tell her about that affair at the Port—well, it was a darned sight worse than anything else he had had to do. And when she kissed him good-bye, she had whispered that she would pray for him. Pray! Pearson laughed a little and kicked at the rocks. Wa'n't that just like a woman? Pray! What good was it going to do to pray now about a thing that happened seven years ago? Suppose they had died! What good would praying have done then? he wondered.

But Rose would pray just the same; she would spend all her spare breath thanking God that her prayers had been answered.

(To be continued.)

A Wealthy Conversation.

THE depreciation of the European currency to-day is not yet equal to the slump in Confederate paper money after the Civil War. A Union general used to say that shortly after Lee's surrender he heard two Confederate soldiers bargaining over a very ordinary-looking horse.

"He'll do for my farm, Jim," said one. "I'll give you twenty thousand dollars for him."

"No," said the other.

"Give you fifty thousand dollars."

"No."

"Give you one hundred thousand dollars."

"Not much!" replied the owner. "I just paid one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to have him shod."

Provocative Ignorance.

THE juvenile son of a professor of botany seems likely to become as learned as his father: already he is familiar with the Latin names of many of the specimens in the professor's herbarium.

But the boy is not all botanist. He is ready to fight as well as to study. Recently he returned home with one eye half closed and discoloured. His mother greeted him with dismay.

"O Aleck," she cried, "you have been fighting again!"

"But it wasn't my fault, mother," the boy hastened to explain. "Bill Johnson said *Taraxacum officinale* didn't mean a dandelion."

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 220. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must* be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than November 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for November.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not* to enclose stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on "A Message from the Sea." (Not to exceed 250 words.)

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

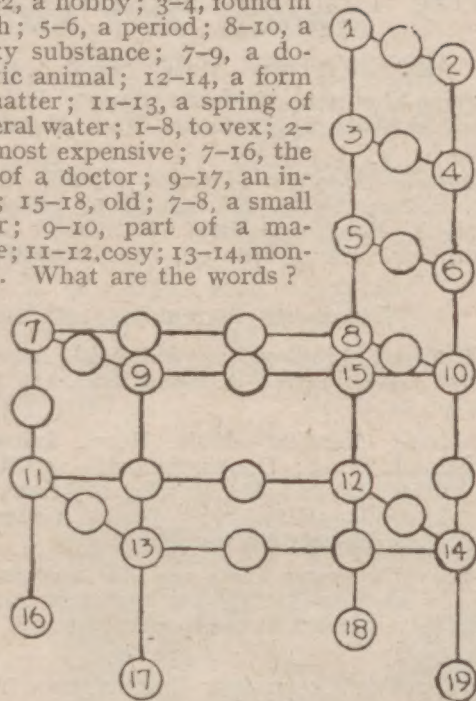
Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a paper on "Bear ye one another's burdens" (Galatians vi. 2). Not to exceed 200 words.

CHAIR PUZZLE.

1-2, a hobby; 3-4, found in a fish; 5-6, a period; 8-10, a sticky substance; 7-9, a domestic animal; 12-14, a form of matter; 11-13, a spring of mineral water; 1-8, to vex; 2-19, most expensive; 7-16, the gift of a doctor; 9-17, an insect; 15-18, old; 7-8, a small spear; 9-10, part of a machine; 11-12, cosy; 13-14, monkeys. What are the words?



For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write a short paper on a story you have recently read.

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

K.d e.e.t. a.e .o.e t..n c..o.e.s, a.. s..p.e .a.t.
.h.n .r.a. b..o. .e.n..o.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a motor lorry, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write a short story on Job. It must be in your own words.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter describing what you see on your way to school each morning.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a rabbit, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for September.

ORIGINAL STORY COMPETITION.

1. Archie Thomson, Altamont, Bangor Ireland.
2. Nancy Wishart, U.F. Manse, Echt, Aberdeenshire.

Honourable Mention.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Richard Mitchell, 7 Bankfield View, Halifax; Grace Basham, Park Farm, Dunton, near Brentwood, Essex.

DISGUISED PROVERBS.

1. Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Avenue, Blackman Lane, Leeds.
2. Edna Ross, 139 Ashfield Road, Rochdale.

Honourable Mention.—Elsie Horn, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring; Denys Macbeth, 24 Village Place, Burley, Leeds; Isa Martin, 263 Langside Road, Crosshill, Glasgow; James Gillespie, Windsor Hill, Knock, Belfast.

The proverbs were: *Time and tide wait for no man. Too many cooks spoil the broth. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Charles Hutton, 5 Brighton Terrace, Ibrox, Glasgow.
2. Connie Watling, "Burnside," Eastbourne, Midhurst, Sussex.

Honourable Mention.—John Moore and Nellie Gregory, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe; Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Maurice Cole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth; William Wheelan, 77 Beckett Street, Leeds.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Florinda Fowler, Laleham, Selwyn Road, Eastbourne.
2. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs.

Honourable Mention.—Percival Buckingham, Knowstone, South Molton, Devon; Margaret Bligh, 71 Melville Road, Leeds; Gordon Hackett and Albert Summerfield, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake School, near Leicester.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, Romford.
2. Jessie Blyth, 22 Drumoyne Avenue, Govan.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Finlay, Braemar Shandon, near Bangor, Ireland; Elizabeth Call, 38 Crown Drive, Inverness; Agnes Campbell, 7 Hamilton Street, Carlisle; Martha Craig, 2 Alston Lane, Calton, Glasgow; Dorothy Johnston, Strattonville, Meikleriggs, Paisley.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Alexander Whyte, "Highfield," Auchendmint Road, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.
2. Edward Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa.

Honourable Mention.—Ada Handley, The Lowes, Swarkestone; Freda Grise, Homeleigh, Hollywell Lane, Rubery.

DROPPED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Evelyn Wills, 27 Aston Street, Ifley Road, Oxford.
2. Elizabeth Call, 38 Crown Drive, Inverness.

Honourable Mention.—Violet Fiddler and Clarence Dickson, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Irene Lemon, 7 Northumberland Terrace, West Hoe, Plymouth.
2. Violet Banks, 6 Oakland Road, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—Nora Bowers, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake School, near Leicester; Nessie Spencer, Milpond, Lower Oakley, near Harwich; Ivy Hill, Church of England School, South Molton, Devon; Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Gladys Holland, Blanchville, Rubery.

Honourable Mention.—Bernard Gibbs, Blanchville, Rubery.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Cuthbert Mandell, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring.

Honourable Mention.—Ernest Cole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport; Zoe Stericker, Mayles Cobham, Surrey.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Vera Martin, 91 St. Mary's Road, Oxford.
2. Katherine Gauld, 32 Belgrave Terrace, Aberdeen.

The postmarks were: Cartagena, Faenza, Besançon, Milwaukee, Strassburg, Bethulie.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. November.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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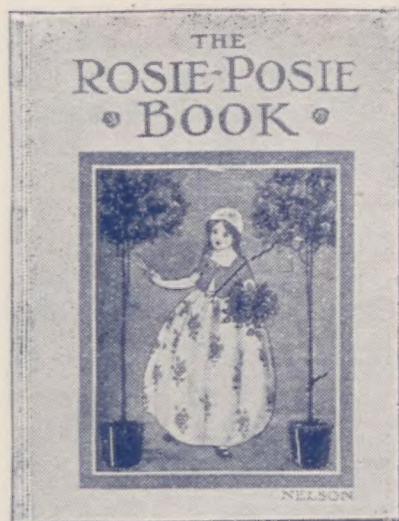
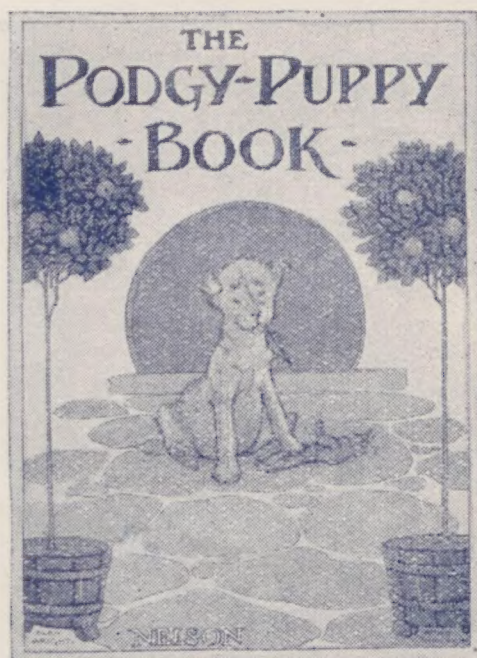


Dolly's Review. Animal A B C.
 Baa Lamb's A B C. Farmyard A B C.
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